

Stranger Things Oneshots by heyitslex23

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Summary: I HAVE TURNED TO ABSOLUTE TRASH FOR THIS SHOW! I needed to write them. These are just gonna be one shots, all fun. Definitely Mileven and Lumax and Jopper and El and Will being siblings, because I need them. Rated teen for just a bit of language.

1. Chapter 1

AN: Hello readers! Welcome to the first chapter of stranger Things one shots! I'm so excited to write longer, better fics for everyone! I'll talk more at the end, but I hope you enjoy! Let's just say, I went skiing and I got inspired.

Summary: After Max gets a random letter from her dad, she is reminded of something she used to do.

OR

The Party gets Steve to take them on a ski trip.

DISCLAIMER: I DO NOT OWN ANYTHING!

Dear Maxine,

I know I've been a crappy father the last couple of months, shitty even. I'm sorry. I've been upset and trying to move on from losing you. I hope that Hawkins is better than you had previously imagined, and that you make some really great friends. I understand that it's hard, but I want to give you something to remind me of me. Maybe you don't want to remember, and that's okay, but I want you to have fun. In here, I have included money for you to buy a snowboard and boots. There is also some money that you can buy lift tickets with. I know you love snowboarding. I hope you're having a great time.

Merry Christmas,

Much Love,

Dad

Ever since she was little, Max has loved snowboarding. It was like skateboarding, but just a tiny bit cooler. She was actually incredible at it, despite living in California. Contrary to popular belief, the Sunshine state has a ton of places to snowboard and ski. So every chance he could, Max's dad had taken her to the mountain. She actually had snowboarded first, and then learned to skateboard from that. She didn't plan on snowboarding ever again. How could she?

There would never be any money if Neil kept drinking this much. She had rented up to this point, but she was done growing now and could finally buy her own gear. With the money her dad had sent her, why not? She didn't want to go alone though, so one night at Mike's house she brought it up.

Dustin was eating a bag of chips that he had stolen from Mike's pantry and refusing to share it with Will. El was sitting on Mike's lap, laughing at some joke he had said. Max snuggled into Lucas and popped the question.

"Have any of you nerds snowboarded?" She asked. The boys seemed surprised with the question, but Max was more surprised with their answers.

"Yeah," Will said, "well, I ski. Dad used to take me before he left. I actually used to race." Max starred at the quiet boy, mouth agape.

"Yeah, I actually ski too," Mike said.

"I haven't in like, years," Lucas responded, "but I liked it."

"Me too," Dustin mumbled through chips.

"What is snowboard?" El asked, her face was scrunched up. Her vocabulary had greatly expanded since she had closed the gate more than a year ago, but she still had trouble with some words.

"It's like a skateboard, but without wheels and you use it on snow," Max explained, beating Mike to the explanation. El's face lit up. The previous summer, Max had taught El to skateboard, and the girl was now a bit of a pro.

"Well, my dad just sent me a letter," the boys gasped at this, and she could have sworn that Lucus's eyes were falling out of his sockets, "and he sent me money to buy a board and gear. It's something we used to do. I was wondering if you'd like to go on a ski trip?" after the shock had worn off, the boys were immediately on board, (haha, the pun was unintended), and they were planning the getaway.

So maybe that's why Steve Harrington ended up spending Winter break with six teens and a bunch of skis in his car. When they had

asked if he had liked skiing or snowboarding, he had been eager to tell them many stories of when he would snowboard with his uncle, and obviously he had been a little too eager. So now Dustin was his co-pilot, Lucas, Max and Will sat in the middle seat, talking about some X-men comic book, and if he looked really hard, he could see the figure of a sleeping El draped over Mike, who was also entering the argument, in the back seat. He had long gotten a bigger car, and even though he was often teased about it, how else could he be a mother of six without a mini van? His bigger question was how all the parents had agreed to this trip. Even Hopper had been eager to let El rent a pastel pink snowboard for the season, (though Steve suspected that was because Jonathan was also going to be out of town, and he wanted some alone time with Joyce). The boys had also rented skis, but Max's snowboard was definitely the coolest of the bunch, with its pac man pattern on it. Steve's snowboard had also begrudgingly emerged from his garage, its red flame design and all its glory with it.

"Get off at the next exit," Dustin said, looking at the map.

"Ay ay captain," Steve said, exhausted out of his mind before the trip had even officially started. They were staying at a hotel right on the mountain, so they could get an early start the next morning.

"Lucas!" Dustin yelled, "pass the popcorn please!" The popcorn was quickly passed to the seat, but not before El's quiet, "we need to stop," quieted the car.

"Why?" Steve asked, and he'd be lying if he said he wasn't worried "is everyone okay?"

"I'm fine," El said with a giggle, "I just need to pee, it's been three hours." Steve couldn't help the snort that escaped as he pulled over at the next McDonalds.

A not so quick three hours later, the party arrived at the hotel. They teens unpacked the car, as Steve attempted to sweet talk the lady at the front desk into upgrading them.

"I'm sorry sir, but I can't do anything." She said.

"You're telling me that you don't have one room in this whole damn hotel that has three beds? The kids want to be together."

"That's not what I said, but I can't upgrade you without extra pay--" the lady was cut off abruptly as six incredibly loud teenagers walked into the room, each weighed down with gear.

"I'm not paying you extra, but trust me, if you knew what these kids were capable of, you'd pay ME to give them their own room.'

"I'll see what I can do."

Seven room keys and several elevator ride later, let's just say it was El's first and she had fun, and they were in their room. The kid's room connected with Steve's room, but lord knows that that door will be shut momentarily. The kids were chatting it up when he cut them off.

"Alright shitheads, listen up," He said, "I'm not looking in here to check on you guys, unless I hear a weird noise, but as far as I'm concerned Little Red and El are sharing a bed, and you boys will split the other two. I don't care if that changes, but I promised the chief that no one would lose their goddamn virginity tonight, and I'm keeping my promise." He stared hard at mini Wheeler, who was already leaning against the headboard of a bed with El practically on his lap. The boy blushed a dark red, and Steve wished he could have caught the reaction with Jonathan's camera.

"Vir-gin-ity," the girl sounded out, "What is--"

"I'll explain it at another time!" Mike said very quickly, as the rest of the room exploded in laughter.

"Oh will you now Mikey?" Dustin asked, making Mike's face flush again. Sometimes that boy was just too easy to tease.

One hour later, everyone was in bed and Steve was closing the door.

"Alright, actually sleep okay?" He said, "tomorrow is a big day. Goodnight shitheads."

"Night Steve," The room echoed back to him.

Lucas, Max, Mike, and El had long awaited for Dustin and Will to fall asleep before making the switch. Mike and Max switched places. Max crawled into bed with Lucas, who whispered a quiet, "night MadMax", before pulling her into a tight hug and falling asleep. Mike and El chatted in soft whispers for a bit before falling asleep in each other's arms. Needless to say, Steve woke up Dustin and Will first and they embarrassed the hell out of the couples the next morning.

"Why do I have to wear this?" El asked as Mike pulled a fleece over her head.

"So you don't get cold," Mike replied, zipping it up and kissing her nose.

"But I'm already wearing clothes," The girl pulled on the pink long underwear shirt and pants she was wearing. (For all of you who don't ski, long underwear is literally a long sleeve shirt and leggings that you wear UNDER your coat).

"Yeah, but it's going to be colder than you're used to," He pressed a kiss to her lips this time, causing her to giggle.

"If you guys would stop sucking faces, we could be at the lift all ready!" Dustin yelled from the other side of the room.

"Dustin, I swear to god, SHUT THE HELL UP!" Mike screamed, "And no, actually we couldn't have, because the mountain doesn't open until 9." Max and El giggled at Dustin's failure to come up with a comeback.

Ski pants make quite a bit of noise, not to mention that, for some reason that no one could understand, Dustin kept dropping his poles, but the Party was able to make it out of the hotel without a noise complaint being filed. They got on the first shuttle that came in, and rode it to the lodge. They set their stuff out, and began the long and tedious process of putting on boots and helmets and gloves. For the most part they were fine, but Will's left boot just refused to go on to his foot. After Steve had held the boot open and Lucas had pushed down on Will's shoulders, his foot finally made it in. The girls and Steve had it easier, snowboard boots were slightly less like jail cells for your feet.

"Alrighty, we have to meet El's instructor on top of the bunny hill at 10 am," Steve said as he looked at the conformation papers in his hands. "Who's ready?" A chorus of "me"s followed after him as they marched outside.

"Oh my goodness, we are never going to get off this thing," Dustin moaned. They were halfway up the magic carpet ride. Magic carpet rides are the slowest things that had ever been created, Dustin was sure of it. At the top, they met El's snowboarding instructor. He was a nice man named Eddy, and he seemed to find it funny that Steve had to watch all the kids. With a final farewell to El, the group made their way to the nearest chairlift, eager to start the day.

El decided that she liked snowboarding. At first all she did was fall on her butt, and she was sure that a decent sized bruise was forming on her elbow, but after a bit she was boarding exceptionally well. El had a talent for being able to analyze and copy, and it obviously worked to her advantage on several occasions. By the end of the three hour lesson , El had blown Eddy out of the water. They had quickly moved past the bunny hill and had just finished a fairly difficult blue diamond. She loved the chairlift, and would always snowboard as fast as she could just so that she would get to ride it again. The look on Mike's face as he watched her come down the blue was so filled with pride, you would've thought that she won the Olympics.

Lucas, on the other hand, was not nearly as good as Max would've thought. He was fast enough, but he was almost constantly falling on sharp turns. Mike skied with a grace she never thought she could see on the lanky boy, while Will had been absolutely exceptional, going extremely fast with the control of a race car driver. Max was obviously an incredible snowboarder, but Steve wasn't so far behind her.

It wasn't until after lunch that they could all ski together. While El had been at her lesson, everyone else had thoroughly mapped out the mountain, marking the best trails on Lucas's trail map. Will and Max had been begging to go to the Terrain Park all day, but Steve was making them wait until the end. Now El and Mike were on the lift. It was a two person chair, which was almost perfect, but Steve had to go on with some random guy who seemed to have no idea what he

was doing. El was staring at the ground below them, mouth agape in awe. She had never been so high up and she was sure she would never get tired of the view.

"Do you like it?" Mike asked her, staring at the believed to be angel beside him.

"Yes," She responded quietly, "but this is my favorite part." She continued to look below them, but grabbed Mike's gloved hand in hers.

"You- well" Mike began, "you're amazing!"

"Really?"

"Yeah! You're like crazy good!" Mike stumbled upon his words, "Especially for your first day."

"Max said that you were," She thought about it, "graceful."

"Oh, " Mike blushed, he wasn't used to receiving compliments. "Max was really good, and I think that you're right behind her." El finally turned to him, smile on her face. She was beaming and Mike's face was exploding with pride. She pulled off her face warmer and kissed him. He held her back, their lips pressed together.

"HEY!" A voice screamed behind them. They seperated and looked behind them, faces pink and not just from the cold. They saw Dustin in the chair behind them. "Let's keep it PG-13 okay?"

"Dustin!" Mike groaned, "can you stop?"

"Only if you two stop being all mushy," Dustin said, "it's seriously disgusting." Mike wanted to yell something back, but then El touched his arm, alerting him that it was time to open the safety bar and get off the lift.

By the end of the day, the Party had taken a total of thirteen runs, and was absolutely exhausted. El's favorite run was a blue named "Crazy Eight". It had lots of turns and was pretty steep. Obviously, Will and Max wouldn't stop chatting about how cool the terrain park had been. Steve and Mike had enjoyed everything, from the green

"Easy Shmeezy", to the black they had taken, "Plunge". Lucas enjoyed the blue they had taken their first run on, "Dingleberry", as there were no sharp turns. Dustin enjoyed anything that the others fell on, and would have a good time making fun of everyone later. Walking into the lodge, they all got big cups of hot chocolate, which had become El's favorite drink late last winter when Mike had made her some in the cabin. They squeezed out of boots, and dragged boards and poles to the shuttle.

Once in the room, the teens all collapsed on their beds and they took turns showering.

"Are you sure you don't want to help her, Mikey?" Dustin asked, wiggling her eyebrows when it was El's turn. El was confused. Mike tackled him to the ground.

Everyone changed into their pajamas and then they called up room service. Steve had wanted to go down to the restaurant, but quickly discovered it was too difficult to get six exhausted kids out of their spots on the beds. They ate pizza, pasta, and waffles, (though El complained that they weren't as good as her beloved eggos), and watched The Grinch on the TV. El fell asleep on top of Mike, and Steve didn't even try to separate Max and Lucas. He turned off the TV, said goodnight and went to bed.

The rest of the trip went smoothly. No one died, so Steve thought of that as a success. Lucas, however, almost broke his ankle on a black diamond, and El almost passed out after giving Max a boost on one of the jumps in the terrain park, but no physical harm was left on any of the kids. They all slept on the way home, comfortably falling on top of each other in the back seats. Steve got a large coffee at a drive through and popped in one of Jonathan's mixtapes to stay awake.

Needless to say, it became a tradition that would repeat itself for the next ten years.

AN:

WELCOME TO MY NEW FIC

So yes, this was longer than anything I have ever written before.

I'm just getting used to writing Will, Dustin, and Steve, but I'm working on it. LMK what you liked and if you have any suggestions for new stories! I'm so excited to write longer, new stuff for y'all. There will definitely be some fluffier scenes, (Lumax, and Mileven), but I'd also just want to write some stuff with the Party. Just to let everyone know, in difficulty levels on ski slopes, it goes green circle, blue square, and the hardest is a black diamond. Because Hawkins isn't on google maps, I made up some trail names. (Did anyone realize that El's favorite included 008?).

Thank you for reading!

Much love,

Lex

2. Valentine's Day (mileven)

AN: This is so cute, I just can't.

Summary:It's El's first official valentines day, and Mike realizes that he wants to spend the rest of his life with her. "Nancy, every time I so much as think about her, my heart does back flips. I want to spend every minute with her, goddamnit I want to spend my whole LIFE with her!"

Valentines day. Besides Christmas and New Years, Valentines day was the first holiday El was able to celebrate with the boys. Last year she had slaved away making cards for everyone, even Max,even though she didn't really like her too much yet, but at the time she was just grateful for a distraction. Now, Valentines day was rolling back around, and she knew what it was actually about. She could read a little now, and she had asked Max, so she knew that she was supposed to give people she loved something special. So now, she was shopping with Nancy, searching for the perfect gifts.

"Hopper," El said, pointing at a mug. It had a heart with a coffee cup next to it. She gingerly picked it up, and she could almost imagine Hop's face when he saw it. The only thing he loved more than coffee was El. She knew this because whenever she asked a really big, complicated question too early, he would tell her, "kid, mornings are for coffee and contemplation," and then she would have to wait.

"Good choice, Ellie," Nancy said with a chuckle. El smiled at her nickname. She had many at this point. Adults, (minus Joyce, of course), called her Jane, Hopper called her "Kid" and the boys called her El. "Ellie" was reserved for Nancy and Max only, but it was her second favorite next to El. Nancy put the mug in the basket, and they turned the corner. El picked up bags of chocolate for Dustin and found stickers for Max's skateboard. She thought hard about Will's present. She and Hopper pretty much lived with the Byers, to the point where Will's bed had been swapped for a bunk bed. The adults had been a little worried about them sharing the room, but in the end they needed each other and it was better this way. They wandered down aisled, until Nancy stopped. She pointed to something on a shelf and El gasped. She reached for it and held it in her hands. There

were watercolor pencils. El had seen the paints a million times, but she knew Will would love these even more.

"They're perfect!" El squealed. Nancy laughed and nodded her head. El added it to the cart and then checked her list. Only one person was left.

Mike.

El didn't know how she could express her feelings. She had so many for the boy, and how can you say something so meaningful through a card or present.

"You know," Nancy said, "you don't have to get him something."

"Yes I do," El said, confused. "I love Mike and it's Valentine's day." It was as simple as that. Nancy gasped. It wasn't unknown to her, or to anyone else really, that El and her brother had something special. Magical, even. She just didn't think it would happen so soon. But then again, why wait? Falling in love was a delicate thing, and she knew her brother was falling into it hard.

"You can take him on a date," Nancy said, "like a picnic. Mike would like just being alone with you. Maybe you can set up a picnic behind the cabin, next to the lake!" El's face burst into a smile.

"Really?" She asked, excited. Then her face fell. "What about snow?" Nancy frowned, but then grabbed a paper.

"It's supposed to be fifty degrees on Valentine's day, which is pretty warm, so just bring hot cocoa."

"And Eggos," El said and they both laughed. Then they left the store, as they needed nothing else.

Mike just wasn't sure. He had been standing in the jewelry store for almost forty minutes when the rest of the party, (minus El, of course), showed up.

"Mike," Lucas said, "you've been in here forever. Just pick something already."

"I can't just pick something," Mike said, and then softly added, "it's for

El."

"Well no duh it's for El," Dustin sighed. "Mike she really likes you-

"Loves you," Will cut Dustin off.

"What?!" The boys asked, Mike looked shocked, which Will found funny. They were so oblivious, "She said it one night when she was in the void. She whispered 'love you, Mike,'. Thought I was asleep."

"I love her too," Mike whispered under his breath. Now everyone was staring at him, mouths open. "What?"

"Do you mean, like, you want to marry her?" Dustin whispered.

"Yeah, yeah I do," Mike said, louder this time.

"Well then, " Max said, "I know what you should get her."

"What's that?" Mike asked.

"A promise ring." Max said, pointing to a one in a display case, "isn't promise like your thing or something?" Mike looked at the dainty little ring. It was rose-gold, a color El loved, and had two strands wrapped around each other, almost in a braid. A second's glance and he knew El would love it.

"Excuse me?" Mike yelled to a saleslady, "how much?" And just like that, Mike knew he would be confessing his love for El the following week.

Now it was said week, and he was worried. El had invited him over for lunch and Nancy had told him to dress warm. But what if she didn't love him? What if she didn't like the ring? Deep down he knew she would love it, but insecurity was one of Mike Wheeler's specialties, and if he wasn't worried, everyone else would be more worried. He had shown Nancy yesterday, and her eyes had gone wide, "oh my goodness, Mike. I can't even tell you how much she's going to like this."

"Mike, you need to stop worrying," Nancy said, with her eyes on the road. She was Mike's escort to the cabin and she could tell he was

getting worked up, "she really loves you."

"But how do you know?!" He yelled, exasperated, "Nancy, everytime I so much as think about her, my heart does backflips. I want to spend every minute with her, goddamnit I want to spend my whole LIFE with her!" He was looking out the window, and Nancy could see the anxious eyes she had seen so many times in the reflection. The day had turned out to be beautiful. "What if she doesn't feel the same way?"

"She does," Nancy sighed, she shouldn't be telling him this, but he looked like he was in so much pain, "remember when I had to give her The Talk?"

"Yes," Mike mumbled, "then you gave it to me too, and I was forever scarred."

"Well, I was telling her about marriage, about how it's when two people love each other, and she looked me in the eye, dead in the eye Mike, and she said, 'I want to marry Mike'. You should've seen the disappointment on her face when I said she had to wait. Like I said, you have nothing to worry about. But you didn't hear it from me." Mike's mouth was stuck open. El wanted to marry him? Well, of course he knew he would ask her one day, but she wanted it now? Suddenly, Mike's heart was beating faster and he knew that this promise ring wasn't going to just be a promise to love her, but a promise to spend the rest of his days with her, until death do them part.

"Alright little brother," Nancy turned off the engine, "don't drool on my seat. Close your mouth and let's walk." They walked in silence through the woods, Mike planning how he was going to give her the ring in his head.

Knock. Knock knock. Knock Knock Knock.

El threw the door open with her mind, while throwing herself at Mike Wheeler, who enveloped her in a hug.

"Happy Valentines day!" El shouted, and pecked him on the lips. Nancy gave the girl a hug and went to occupy Hopper in the kitchen.

Mike began to take his jacket off, but El held his sleeve and said, "no, I have a surprise for you and it's outside." Mike smiled and re-zipped his coat and then helped El into her boots.

They walked to the lake behind the cabin, and that's when Mike saw the blanket. It was red and pink plaid and there was a picnic basket on it. He smiled at El and she smiled back as they emptied the contents. Mike laughed when he saw the Eggo's. They chatted for a bit, laughing about how Dustin had fallen out of his chair in science class, and then Mike brought out the small box.

"What is that?" El asked, reaching for it.

"W- well," Mike stuttered, suddenly nervous again, "it's a present. For you." El smiled big and opened the box. She gasped when she saw the pinkish gold strands and slowly picked it up.

"I love it," she whispered, mesmerized by it. She looked at Mike. His face was a pale pink, almost the same as the ring, but a little lighter. She decided that Proud Mike, was her new favorite color.

"It's a promise ring," Mike said.

"Promise?" El asked, "promise what?"

"I promise that I will love you forever, and that I will spend the rest of my life with you," He said, "if that's okay with you, of course?"

"Does this mean we can get married?" El's excitement was too much, Mike laughed.

"One day, yes," He said, looking deep into her eyes. He took the ring from her and got down on one knee, "Jane Eleanor Hopper, I promise, that as soon as I can, I will marry you." El squealed as he slid the ring onto her fourth finger on her left hand. Then she kissed him, and it was like no other. The promise of love and happiness was behind it, and everything was right in the world.

Even Hopper was smiling through tears from the kitchen window.

AN:

So yes, I had to write this. I know the amount of fluff is almost unbearable, but Mike and El deserve this kind of pure happiness.

Anywho: I probably won't get another update until a little over a week, my school show (Mary Poppins) is this week and practice is going super late. But after that, I will have so much time to write, that new stories will hopefully be pumping out faster.

**I love you guys!
Thanks for reading,**

Lex

3. When Will Became A Superhero

AN: So this is a bit different. It started off with just trying to focus on Will and El, but I had to throw some Mileven fluff in the beginning.

Summary: After El closes the gate, Will realizes that maybe he's still not normal, but maybe that's not so bad.

"El," Hopper whispered, "hey kid, I'm gonna lift you out of the car now, okay?" He picked her up out of the seat in his car, and held her like a baby. He closed the door with his hip and walked up the drive to the Byer's house. He looked down at her face, which was black with makeup, and let the reality set in.

She closed the gate.

They were safe.

She was safe.

For the first time since she came back from the Upside Down, he breathed. Truly let all the air out of his chest, and swallowed new air that promised safety and normality. El moaned a little from his arms, and then whispered the same single word that she had been saying in her sleep for the last half hour, "Mike." Hopper almost laughed, but then the kid came rushing out of the house. First, he let out a sign of relief, and then the concern came back to his face.

"She's okay right?" He said, rushing to her side, "El?" Her eyes opened a little, and the sparkle returned to them when she saw that his eyes were looking at her.

"Mike," She whispered, and reached her hand out. He took it and squeezed, emotion seeping from his eyes and soaking his face.

"Yeah," Mike said, sobbing now, "I'm here,"

"Hop!" Joyce said, running to meet them, "she did it?" Hopper nodded and the woman smiled. They walked into the house, where everyone else already was. Will was on the couch, his feet in Jonathan's lap,

but he was asleep. Dustin and Steve were sitting next to each other by the kitchen table, and Max was asleep on Lucas's shoulder. They all smiled at the sight of Eleven holding Mike's hand. They were safe, the gate was closed. As much as they wanted to ask questions, they all went to bed instead, feeling oddly content considering what had happened. Hopper was on his way to Will's room, Mike behind him, when Joyce grabbed his arm.

"I think she'll be more comfortable if she's cleaned up," She whispered, "is it okay if I give you a bath?" She asked the girl. Eleven nodded, and Hopper passed her to Joyce. "Mike, can you go get a pair of pajamas from Will's room?" He was already running down the hall. "Hopper, please go sleep, I'll take it from here. Take my bed, I'm going to stay with Will." For once, the chief of police didn't argue.

Joyce turned on the bathtub and helped the girl undress. She washed the grease and eyeliner off her, taking special care to wash her hair. At one point Mike knocked on the door and Joyce received the flannel pajamas from the boy. She helped El get in them and then they opened the bathroom door. Mike was on the other side.

"I can bring her to bed," Mike said, staring at his shoes.

"Okay, but Mike," Joyce said, "let her sleep." Mike hooked his arm around her waist and took her to Will's room.

"El," he whispered, "I'm going to put you in Will's bed okay?" She grasped his hand and breathed into his neck. He took that as a yes, and tucked her in. He sat next to the bed, their fingers still intertwined.

"Mike," she croaked. He stood up and looked at her face. "Can you get in?" She lifted the side of the blanket. Mike couldn't say no. Sure, Hopper would probably kill him, but it was all innocent. He slid under the blanket and she folded into him. He hugged her into him and pressed his face into her hair. He ran his fingers through it.

"It's curly," he said.

"What?" She was looking up at him now. Her eyes were shining with all the light of every star.

"Your hair, who would've thought?" He laughed a little.

"Still pretty?" She was concerned now.

"It's beautiful El," He said, "You are beautiful."

"Mike?"

"Yeah?"

"I love you." Mike stiffened up next to her. Did she say the right thing? She understood that love was a big deal, that's what soaps taught you.

"I love you too El," He whispered in her ear, like it was a secret for just the two of them, which she guessed it was. "I love you so much." He kissed her hair, then her forehead, and then finally, her lips. It was longer than the one in the cafeteria a year ago. They released for air, breathing heavily. Eleven laid her head on his chest and fell asleep. For the first time in 353 days, Mike fell asleep with a smile on his face. That's how Hopper found them the next morning. He didn't have the heart to wake them up, opting to trying to hide the small smile on his face from Joyce.

The morning was spent swapping stories of heroics, and eating Eggos with chocolate chips and whipped cream. The funny thing was, El and Hopper never left. They pretty much moved in with the Byers. Their few personal belongings, mostly guns, had been placed in cupboards and drawers and no one thought twice about it. Nancy gave all of her old clothes to El, so the young girl took over Will's closet. For the first couple of nights, El slept on an air mattress in Will's room and Hop slept on the couch. Soon, Hopper was coaxed into Joyce's room, and the kids tried to act like they weren't paying attention to that detail. The decision to keep Will and El in the same room was easy. After the first night that they slept in the same room, they were inseparable. The adults couldn't understand, but that was only because the kids didn't tell them yet.

"Goodnight El," Will said.

"Goodnight Will," El said, and then she closed her eyes and entered

the void. Sure, she could just call Mike, but El was still confused about phones. You couldn't see the person like you could in the void, so she went there instead. She turned around and found him. She watched him brush his teeth and climb into bed. She let him disappear, but she stayed in the void for another minute.

Eleven? The voice ran through her head.

Will? She thought.

Yeah, it's me.

What are you doing here? How are you here?

I'm not anywhere. I'm in my room. El opened her eyes and looked at Will's bed. His eyes were shut in concentration.

"Will?" She asked, looking at the boy. A thin line of blood was running from his nose.

"Yeah?" He said, looking back at her. His face was in shock, "did we just?"

"You can talk with your mind?" She asked.

"Well," He said, wonder on his voice, "I just kinda, I don't know, wondered what you were doing, and then it was almost as if everything went quiet. And then whatever I thought, you heard."

Can you hear me now? She thought

"Yes," Will whispered, "if I picture you in my head, and then I think, you can hear me." He felt out of breath. Then he felt the thin stream of blood coming out of his nose. Will laughed and reached for a tissue. "I don't think I can do it for as long as you can, I'm not strong enough yet."

Goodnight Will, she said, snickering.

Night El.

After that first night, the adults knew something was up. Throughout

meals, the kids kept looking at each other and giggling. And, Will has been having a lot of bloody noses. Will wasn't that strong yet, but they both wanted to be able to master this, so they thought to each other a lot. El's mind was a lot more developed than anyone knew, except for Will, and she usually talked in sentences, while Will talked in short bursts of "yeahs" and laughter. They would also try it out in different locations. At first, they would only communicate while they were in the same room or when someone was looking for them

El, mom wants you to come sit down for dinner.

I'm in the bathroom, give me a sec- second.

But the kids grew suspicious when one night during a weekly Dungeons and Dragons game. Mike had spent weeks reading through his binder and finding monsters they had never used before. Like usual, El was reading the book from her spot on his lap, (Mike claims that they can't fit enough chairs around the table, and El just enjoys the warmth. No one has told Hopper, though they use it as blackmail to get Mike to do them favors). The party was in a submarine in the middle of the ocean, on their way to saving the princess from the Thessalhydra. Mike had been excited for this part, as no one really knew about this monster.

"Then, suddenly, the submarine begins to rock," Mike said, "and you hear the shell of it scraping against something, but it's no rock, it's the,"

Ixitxachitl, El thought.

"Ixitxachitl?" Will asked El. Max, Dustin and Lucas just stared at him. Mike looked almost angry. El's eyebrows shot up. He had said it out loud.

You said it out loud!

"How did you know?" Mike said, confused. Will took a fearful glance at El and then responded weakly.

"I read it in a book?" Will said.

"Okay, then what does it do?" Dustin asked, suspicious. Will looked at

El.

El, HELP!

Okay, it's like an evil manta ray? Whatever that is...

"Evil Manta Ray," Will said quickly, too quickly.

"Okay, what's going on?" Max said. "Ever since you two started living together, something has been up. What is it?" Everyone looked between El and Will. Nodding, things have been a little weird, but not in a bad way. No one knew what to expect when the two would finally get to meet. They were all happy that they were friends, and even happier that they were basically siblings now, but what were they hiding?

Should we tell them? El sounded worried.

I guess so? Maybe they can figure out how we can do this? It was a question they had been asking for weeks. Then, the blood came down from Will's nose, and he knew there was no more hiding.

"Well, um, "He started, "we can kind of-"

"Talk with our minds," El finished for him.

"What?!" Max and Lucas yelled.

"HOLY SHIT!" Dustin screamed.

"How?" Mike whispered.

"Don't know," El said, but she was tearing up. "Sorry, we lied."

"No, no, no," Mike sighed and pulled her into him. "I'm just curious."

"The Upside Down," Dustin mumbled, and he figured it out. "Mind flayer!" Will cringed.

"What?" Max asked.

"Well, obviously, El can talk with her mind, telepathy is often paired with telekinesis," He started, you could almost see the gears turning,

"as for Will, the Mind Flayer spoke through thoughts in his mind, and now he left Will with that. That's so cool!" He was jumping up and down now.

"So, wait," Will said shakily, "it's not gone?"

"No, it is, Nance saw it leave, but it left you with some of its power, kind of like, a present."

"Of course, it was unintentional," Lucas added.

"So it's safe?" Max said.

"Yeah," Lucas and Dustin said.

And that's how Will became a superhero too.

I know the fluff at the beginning, didn't really match, but I just had too, I'm sorry. This isn't as good as I would've liked it to be, but it got the point across. Maybe I'll rewrite it and make it better.

I had to do some D&D research for this, but the name was too funny to not bring it in.

As, for Will and El, they need that someone who gets them. Sorry this came up so late. I had my school play and then I had some problems with my "best friend" so I was a little sad. All is good now, so update will be more frequent. I love you all, and thanks for reading.

Much love,

Lex

4. Max Lays Down The Law

AN: So this wasn't supposed to turn out this way, but this is the way the characters led me. This is shorter, but Max needs a real badass moment.

Summary: When The Party gets bullied at school, (again), Max decides that she's not going to let this happen anymore.

School hallways were officially Maxine Mayfield's least favorite place. She could hear snickers from behind locker doors and she could feel stares burning through her back. There was just so many people. And while she really loved it when Lucas came up to her every morning and gave her a hug and a little kiss on her forehead each morning, she loathed the judgement she felt radiating off of bystanders. Sure, "the party", as Dustin insisted she called it, was a weird group. There was Lucas of course, and for a reason Max still didn't understand, there were a TON of racist jerks in their school. Then there was "Zombie Boy", who was silent almost silent to everyone else. There was Dustin, who was missing half his teeth. There was the totally angst teen who suddenly went from depressed to the happiest boy in the world in a week, (thanks El). And then of course there was Max, who was like a carrot in the sea of middle schoolers and was quite, "snappy", as Lucas had begun to call it just last week, ("his little Gingersnap", Ugh, why did she have to lo- like him so much). So yeah, they looked weird walking down the hallway, and Max couldn't wait for next year when El would join their group of weirdo geeks. Max didn't mind looking weird, she didn't really care about any of the losers here. But she DID mind the bullies that they attracted. Usually they just walked around them and continued to lunch, but sometimes things got bad. One time it had even gotten to the point where Will had contacted El with his mind and El took down the bullies in the void. It was exhausting for both of them, but Dustin only got his nose broken, so it was worth it. However, last Thursday it had been almost worse. But not for them.

They were on their way to lunch. The boys were talking about the upcoming campaign, and Lucas and Max were talking about seeing a movie that weekend.

"Hey Fairy!" A voice yelled from behind, "Why'd you have to come back?" It was obvious it was Troy now. Will stiffened, and Mike's face twitched. Max balled her fists.

"Leave him alone!" Mike yelled, standing in front of Will. Dustin was next to Will, whispering something in his ear.

"Oh, Frog Face wants a fight?" A crowd was gathering now, "and how about you Midnight? Toothless?" And then his disgusting little eyes landed on her. "Or how about Maxine Mayfield. Is Billy helping you practice?" She gasped lightly, and Luccas grabbed her hand. She hadn't told anyone, and now the whole school knew about the piece of shit she shares a last name with. "Or are you too busy sucking Midnight's di-"

"Don't talk to her like that!" Lucas yelled as he pushed her behind him.

"Yeah, fuck off!" Dustin screamed. Max could see Will's nose bleed a little and knew that backup was on the way. Max surged forward, fists balled up. She was pretty sure the whole school was watching now, but honestly, she didn't care.

"You know what asshole?" Max said through clenched teeth. She couldn't lose it yet. *Humiliate him*, she thought to herself. "I have a question for you."

"I got a question for you too, bitch," Troy spit back, "why don't you just run home and make me a sandwich?" *A racist, a homophobe, AND a sexist. What a great combo plate.*

"Why'd you piss yourself?" Max asked remembering the story she had heard so many times. The school laughed and Troy fumed. Max looked to Will and when they made eye contact, he nodded. *Please El*, she was praying, because if this worked, the boy would never live it down.

"I didn't-" the red boy started.

"Dude, we can see the piss," Max laughed, pointing to his crotch. And sure enough, Troy's jeans were becoming a darker shade of blue.

People backed up from him. The Party was looking to each other and laughing, all knowing the secret behind the boy's bladder control, or more, loss of bladder control. Mike's face broke into the dopey grin that it always did when El did something cool, (Or as Max liked to call it the "I'm falling in love again" face). But the laughing stopped when Troy started walking up to them, fists raised. Max stepped in front of them. Troy raised his hand, and began to bring it down towards her when she caught his wrist.

"Listen up asshole," She sneered. The school quieted around them. She looked him dead in the eye. "And do listen because I'm not repeating." Troy began to shake under her glare. With her eyes she made one thing clear. No one messes with Max Mayfield. "You leave me and my friends alone from here on out, okay? And don't think that you're scary because you're just a scrawny kid with an ugly face." Giggles erupted. "If I hear one more name or see one more punch, I will end you." Troy was trembling in her grasp now. She held his wrist tighter, just tight enough that there would be bruises to show off the next morning.

"Let go of me," he whispered, ever so slightly. She tightened her grip even more. She lowered her mouth to his ear.

"And if I don't end you," She whispered so only he could hear her, "I have a friend who will. In a snap. Just like your arm." She let go of his hand and walked back to Lucas. Troy stood in the middle of a circle, face white with fear and jeans dark with urine. And Max laughed.

"Are we clear dickhead?" She yelled. The school's giggles died down again. The school's bully being shut down by the nerds? Unheard of, but no one wanted to miss it.

"Yeah," Troy whispered. But that wasn't good enough for Max.

"What did you say?"

"YES!" The boy yelled, staring down the girl, "I agree to your terms and conditions losers!" But the girl won.

"That was a name," She said smirking at the boy, he was shaking with

fear now, and then lead her friends down the hall. When they reached the end, she turned around. "Watch your back!" She screamed like the maniac she was. She threw her middle finger in the air and followed the boys into the cafeteria.

Suddenly, she didn't have to worry about whispers and stares any more.

AN: So this was a fast update. It's a lot shorter, but this isn't how the story was supposed to go. My original prompt was "happy looks good on you", and I have no idea how it ended up like this. I like it though. This was a shorter chapter, but whatever, I posted yesterday too. Do you guys want to me to get more stories out? If you leave me prompts I will be sure to get to them, and I always love when one prompt takes me in a completely different direction. On a totally unrelated note, thank you for those of you who are following the story. I am seeing you guys and I couldn't be more thankful. I really like writing and obviously I love Stranger Things and seeing that I can put the two together and make people's days just makes me so happy. Leave me a comment and I will certainly get back to you!

Much love,

Lex

5. The Night We Had to Let it Out

AN: So this was requested by "Section8grl" She wanted to see when Joyce realized she was in love with Hopper the first time. I sorta split it up, so we could get both sides of the story.

Summary: Joyce and Hopper look back on old times and remember friendships, fights, but most importantly, love.

Jim Hopper wasn't afraid of much. He could shoot anyone who threatened him with one of his many guns, hookup with people to make them forget the past (though because of El he hasn't for a long time), he used to be able to sweet talk grades onto a report card, and if the situation got dire, he could just call up his telekinetic daughter. In fact, there were only three things that terrified the chief of police. Any thoughts of El dying could give him a panic attack. He felt as if Sara was giving him a second chance and he loved the girl desperately. He was wrapped around her little finger, (but not as much as Wheeler was, thank god), and any thoughts of losing her or letting her down sent his heart running frantically and his muscles spasm. He was also terrified of interdimensional creatures taking over his town. It had seemed almost too easy for them to do it first time and that made him break a sweat. The most irrational fear, however, was a frizzy haired, 5'3 woman.

Joyce Byers scared him more than mind flayers and only a little less than El did. Even in high school it had been that way. Sure, they had been inseparable. They were the very definition of best friends. They passed notes in class, and snuck under the bleachers to smoke cigarettes. The rest of the school thought they were dating, but for the most part, they didn't care. Or more, Joyce didn't. Jim had always been self conscious. He had always wanted people to be afraid of him. So he started working out and growing out his beard. Started hitting kids with his backpack. By the end of Senior year, he just wasn't the same anymore. He acted scary, but he was just playing a role. And while he would never admit it, the most scared he had ever been was the day Joyce Byers grabbed him by the beard and dragged him into a janitor's closet. It was the beginning of homeroom on January 3. She sat him down in a chair and screamed at him. Yelled

that he was being a crappy friend and that he had turned into a dick over the past year. He tried to cut her off, but one look at her stone cold eyes full of betrayal shut him up. If you were there, you would've seen him shaking and crying on the cold stool, too scared to speak. And when she left the room he jumped out the first floor window, smoking through full whole pack of cigarettes and choked on tears. He became as stone cold as her eyes. Unreachable.

But more than anything her was scared.

Scared of her.

But even more scared when he realized that he loved her.

Joyce wasn't any better after she "dumped" him. She began hanging out on her own, spending every minute missing his company. And maybe that's why she began to date Lonnie. It wasn't love, it was just a replacement. Until he would come back and apologize to her. But he never did.

And so began the drinking and the drugs. That's why she and Lonnie had gotten along. She was always sad, and she felt alone. She didn't realize why until one night when she was alone. It was the first in many that she wasn't drunk or high and it was after her first fight with Lonnie. She realized what she wanted and she sobbed. The one person she wanted to see now was gone. He wasn't going to talk to her in the morning and ask her about nightmares. He was going to beat up a kid instead. He was going to ignore her with every bone in his body. But that night, nearly seven months after she had cut the connection, she realized that she was falling apart without him. Without goddamn Jim Hopper. Because she realized that her heart belonged to him, but he would never take it.

And now here was the same Jim Hopper, sitting in her living room. Except he's not the same Jim Hopper. He's playing Uno with Jonathan, Will, and El on the couch and laughing at some joke that El had said. He was asking her about her day. He was looking at Jonathan's most recent shots and Will's newest drawings. He was everywhere now. They were back to being the best friends everyone knew them as. Joyce and Jim. He drove her to work and spent dinner with them every night. He was in her bed on Friday and Saturday

nights, (and even though he was on the way other side, it still counts, sorta). He was helping El with homework. He was sitting on her porch swing sipping (potentially spiked) lemonade. Joyce laughed despite herself.

"What's so funny Mom?" Will asked, his eyebrow shooting up.

"Oh nothing," She said, still chuckling. "Just remembering old times."

"Tell us!" Jonathan shouted. His mom was always happy, but seeing her dying of laughter in the kitchen made him curious.

"It's nothing, really," She started, "I was just thinking, Hop and I went from being friends, to hating each other, to being friends again." The memories were too much. She remembered pouring milk on each other, hitting each other with books, and laughing at inside jokes, (the funniest of those being "shit-bug", but you wouldn't understand), and began laughing all over again. It wasn't long before Hopper was laughing too.

"Oh shit!" El said. Dustin's mouth wasn't having the best effect on her

"Language," Hopper snorted, still laughing.

"It's eleven!" The girl yelled. The whole family was laughing now and even Eleven had joined in, holding her stomach.

"Alright, we better go," Hopper said after some time. He began to walk around the Byers household, picking up bags and coats and mittens. The Byers hugged the girl goodbye and gave Hopper firm handshakes, like he taught them last week. He was about the get in his car when Joyce beckoned him over to the porch. It was just the two of them now, and she had an important question.

"Hop," She whispered, "how come you never came back? Why didn't you apologize?" Hopper swallowed hard.

"Honestly?" Hopper asked. Joyce nodded and he took a deep breath. "You scared the shit outta me, Joyce. I thought you hated me."

"I thought you didn't like me anymore." Joyce laughed a little. Hopper could listen to that sound on repeat forever.

"I didn't," Hopper lowered his voice, "Joyce I was scared because I was- well I realized I loved you." He gulped. Suddenly he felt like a teenager again, waiting to see how she would react. "I was a kid, I was scared, and well- I was never really good with feelings."

"I know," Joyce said, her voice soft. "I'm glad we're friends again. I missed you. A lot."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah." Hopper just smiled. Then a horn blared and he laughed. An angry El was hovering over the horn.

"Well I guess I gotta go," Hopper said, looking into Joyce's eyes one last time before moving closer. He kissed her lightly on the cheek, and quickly turned to car. Joyce looked down, trying to keep the red that was creeping onto her face from visibility.

"I love you too," Joyce said under her breath. Hopper let her pretend that he didn't hear and just blushed while walking towards El. He opened the door and slid into his seat. He turned on the headlights and put the Blazer in drive. Once they were out of the driveway, El asked him.

"Did you tell her?" The excited girl asked.

"Tell her what Ellie?"

"That you love her."

"I- I did," Hopper was a bit surprised, as he never told El, but he saw no point in lying.

"I can see it in your eyes, " She said softly, smiling at Hopper. "When you look at her, your eyes clear and you lift your head up. You take your hat off, too. Don't worry, her eye's light up too." Hopper laughed.

"When did you get to be so observant?" Hopper asked, turning the blazer off of Mirkwood.

"Ob-serve-ant?"

"When you notice a lot," Hopper explained, "like when Wheeler tries to pat down his hair when he sees you, or how he stumbles over his words when I talk to him, or how your whole face lights up when you see him?"

"When did you get to be so ob-serve-ant?" The girl giggled.

"It's my job as a dad to be annoying about your boyfriend."

"Can I be annoying about your girlfriend?"

"No."

AN: So I'm working on writing Jopper. It's hard for me, as I am a teenager and therefore it's hard for me to write adults. I am a measly 14 years of age, so adults are muy dificil, BUT THAT WON'T KEEP ME FROM TRYING! I will try to get better at writing adults, but for the time being I'm sorry if it's not all that great.

THINGS I THOUGHT ABOUT WHILE WRITING THIS FIC:

Joyce and Hopper have to have some history. They just have to.

El has to make fun of Hop and vice versa

Everyone needs to be a family, because they do (don't fight me on this, you will lose)

Just another thank you to those who have been following the story! Even on the last chapter I got more prompts, and I am so excited. I love hearing from everyone and I love even more that I am able to write for you! Be sure to leave a comment and I will get back to you!

Much love,

Lex

P.S. I'm always open for constructive criticism. Like I said, I'm young. And I haven't taken a creative writing class for several years, (next year, cross your fingers), and your feedback is greatly appreciated.

6. The day everything changes

AN: This was suggested by a Guest, so if said guest reads this, lmk!

Summary: El takes a pregnancy test, but, as usual, Mike is right by her side.

Positive.

That's the word Jane Eleanor Hopper has loved since she came back.

"Can she go to school?"

"Positive"

"Can I go to Mike's?"

"Positive"

"Are you sure you love me?"

"Positive"

But now she hated it. Or, maybe she was just scared. Scared out of her mind. You know that utterly terrifying feeling you have, when you feel like you can't hold yourself up anymore and that an earthquake is rocking the room? The one that makes your mind foggy and your breathing stained? This was so much worse.

But there was that word.

Positive.

The lines on that dumb stick were screaming the word, almost like it was laughing at her.

But El was not laughing.

She was going to have a baby. She didn't even graduate yet! What would Hopper say? She knew he would be mad, but supportive too.

She was more worried about Mike. Mike with his head in the sky, his dreams of college and becoming a scientist. She was crushing those dreams with the weight of another human being. A human being that was growing inside of her. She sat down on Will's bed, the bottom of a bunk bed they had shared since her return. Adults have tried to force them into different rooms, but the kids wouldn't allow them, instead hanging up sheets and creating dressing rooms by the closet. Will was the only person El knew for sure would be happy. Happy, but worried for her. But she was so, so worried about Mike. She didn't want to lose him. She was so deep in thought that she didn't even realize when Will opened the door to their room.

"El?" He said, his voice dripping with concern, "What happened?" When she couldn't respond she just let her head sink into his shoulder. He hugged her to his chest, petting her hair and begging her to calm down. When she finally stopped sobbing she looked at him. His eyes were filled with kindness and worry. He smiled down at her.

"Will- I," She took a deep breath, "I'm pregnant." His breath caught.

"Does Mike know?" He said, getting over his own emotions, and thinking logically. But he couldn't help it, a smile started growing on his lips, "El, he's going to be so happy!"

"What?" She was gaping. "Why? I'm going to ruin his life!"

"I'm not going to ask how this happened, and honestly I don't want to know," He began, "but El, he really loves you. Like, he's head over heels. He won't care that you guys are young! You're not ruining his life, but you have to tell him."

"Okay," she said softly, her spirits lifting just a tiny bit. Will offered to drive her and they were off.

"I can't believe I'm going to be an uncle!" Will yelled once they got in the car.

"Why aren't you worried!?" El shouted, suddenly. "This is terrible! Will, you don't get it! What the hell am I going to do?" Her lip was quivering and tears were running down her face. Without taking his

eyes off the road her grabbed her hand.

"I'll tell you," He said, quieter this time, "you and Mike already have the papers to rent an apartment close to Mike's university, right?" He saw a slight nod in his peripheral vision. "You already have a job at that library waiting for you too, right?" She nodded again. "Then you're fine. You'll be able to take a maternity leave, Miranda, the main librarian, seemed extremely nice. As, for Mike, he will just go to school and do some side jobs, like tutoring. And, Lucas and Max will be ten minutes away." Lucas and Max had both gotten into nearby schools and were staying in dorms. El took a shaky breath and then relaxed. She was really going to be okay. "Do you want me to wait?" El looked at the Wheeler's house. She shook her head no, and then slowly got out of the car.

"I love you," She said under her breath to Will, and he repeated the words back. Closing the door, she threw her shoulders back and walked to the doorway. Nancy opened the door and gave her a hug.

"Hey Ellie!" She yelled, but then saw the redness of her eyes. "You okay?" El shrugged, and then simply said, "need to see Mike."

"He's in his room," Nancy said squeezing the girl's arm.

El had felt strong, kinda, when she left the car. But all her insecurities returned when she knocked on Mike's bedroom door. She heard books dropping, and papers flying as he ran to open the door. His face burst into a grin when he opened the door.

"Hi El," he said softly. And then she lost it.

She started sobbing, harder than she could ever remember. Tears were streaming down her face and she couldn't breathe. Mike was instantly pulling her into his room and closing the door. They sunk to the ground and it was almost like she was sinking into him. After a long time she calmed down, but she was still hiccuping.

"Hey," Mike whispered, "What's going on?" He had been nothing but sweet, all these years. He deserved more of a life than this stupid baby was going to give him.

"Mike-" She gasped, small tears still drizzling down her cheeks. "I-I love you, so much,"

"I love you, too El. You don't even know, but I can't help unless you tell me what's wrong." She sniffed, but slowly reached into her jacket pocket.

"I'm so sorry, so, so, so-

"Pregnant," he breathed, as she thrust the stick into his hand. "El, when did you find out?" His face was in disbelief, not sad, and definitely not mad.

"Yesterday-I was late," She whispered, searching his face for emotion.

"El-this is- oh my god," She expected him to be upset, but when she saw his face he was all smiles.

"I'm sorry,"

"Why are you sorry?" He pulled her into him, but forced her to look at him.

"I'm going to ruin your life!" She screamed, "Mike, I'm terrified!" She was getting worked up again, and various items were beginning to float and shake.

"Hey, it's going to be okay." He said and then pressed a kiss to her lips. It was short, but it was just what she needed. She felt her body relax into him. "I love you, a lot. And I will love this baby too. We are going to be great parents. We are going to love him or her with everything we've got, right?" He take the fact that things were not flying anymore as a yes. "Then nothing else matters, okay?" He waits for a nod on that one.

"Promise?"

"I promise."

AN: Okay, so I have a few things to address.

I used a different format when writing this time so if there were

any problems please please please tell me.

I'm so sorry for the later update. Things got a bit crazy, and then I went away for spring break and I didn't get to post.

I'm pretty sure that I got into creative writing for next year!

This was a bit rushed, and I'm sorry it wasn't that good.

I need help on this one: I got invited to post on Archive Of Our Own. If you don't know how that works, basically you apply, and then there's a waiting list, then you get an invitation. I don't know if I should start posting there instead, or do both here and there. So please help me!

Thank you to the readers who keep coming back. I appreciate you more than you will ever know. I love hearing what you guys have to think on my posts, and y'all are so creative, I love seeing all the prompts. I'm here and ready to write more kisses, so let's do it!

Thank you again!

Much love,

Lex

7. It's okay, she still loves him

AN: Okay, so I'm kinda obsessed with El and Hoppers fight scene in season 2. It's just so intense and David and Millie were so amazing, so I had to create another. This wasn't requested, and it's short, but when you get inspired, you get inspired.

SUMMARY: Hopper finds El and Mike making out, and he isn't happy about it.

"El, we are talking about this," Jim Hopper was kind of fed up with his daughter's attitude. As soon as they had gotten home, she had locked herself in her room, and held the door shut. Hopper sighed, he should've seen this coming.

"No," Eleven's voice said sharply from the other side, "we are not."

"Jane, get out here!" Hopper couldn't stand this anymore, "We are talking about this, or you're grounded for the rest of the month." He was trying to stay calm, really. It wasn't even that big of a deal, but to him it was everything. He had been walking through the parking lot behind the movie theater, when he saw it. In Wheeler's car, his girl had her tongue down Mike's throat. Being her dad, he wasn't about to let this slide. His threat seemed to have worked, however, because the teenage girl was opening her door and slowly walking out, arms crossed.

"We don't need to talk about this!" She yelled, throwing her hands in the air. She was so tired of this. Why couldn't he just be a normal dad, and let her have fun? She sighed internally. The answer to that question was obvious.

"I saw Wheeler with his tongue down your throat. We are talking about this!" Hopper growled. The teenager just couldn't seem to wrap her head around what was wrong.

"Why? What do you think we're going to do?" El's anger was rising. He was being intrusive. This was her life, her boyfriend (her heart still fluttered at the thought of that), and most importantly, her *Mike*.

"I just don't want you pregnant!" Jim yelled, his hands running through his already messed up hair.

"You're ridiculous!" El screamed back, "Goddamnit Hop, we're sixteen!"

"Exactly, I know what happens at sixteen!" Hopper thought back to the time he would have a new girl every week, to when he really messed up pretty much everything.

"Oh, I bet you have a ton of practice, don't you then?" The girl spat back. It's been a while since she's been this mad, in fact, he doesn't think she's been this mad since she was in hiding and almost blew up the whole house.

"That's not the point!" The chief of police groaned. "The point is, you are way too young to be making out with anyone!"

"But it's different, dad!" She was so angry that her vision was getting blurry. The couch was shaking, as were doors.

"Oh yeah? And how so?" They were both screaming. Neither of them had a talent for keeping calm.

"Because unlike you with all your one night stands, I LOVE HIM!" Plates and glasses broke, and Hopper's face grew ghostly pale.

"And how can you be so sure?" He said, quieter this time, but his voice was sharp, like a needle.

"I've loved him since the day in the rain!" Eleven screeched. She was crying, and the sound of her voice cracking made Hopper's heart twitch. "I loved him since he gave me my name, since before YOU knew who I was, since day 1, all the way to day FUCKING 353! I've loved him since the snowball, and I still love him at day 1,461! I love him in school and at home and I love him today and tomorrow. And if that's not enough, I loved him BEFORE I LOVED YOU!" With that the tear streaked girl left the room sobbing, slamming the door with her mind behind her. "I LOVE HIM, AND YOU CAN'T CONTROL IT!"

Without another way to put it, Hopper had fucked up.

He sat on the couch until he was sure she was asleep. He was speechless, numb, almost as if he wasn't really there.

And then he cried.

He lied on his bed until the early hours of the morning, tears streaming down his face, all because his daughter was hopelessly in love, but he felt sure that she didn't love him too much after tonight. Finally he pulled himself out of bed, realizing he wasn't going to sleep. He was dizzy from dehydration and exhaustion, but he proceeded to walk slowly to the toaster. Popping Eggos into it, he sighed softly, wanting to cry, but he was dry. He was out of emotions, and he walked around his house like a zombie, unable to feel, or care.

And that's how El found him.

Sitting at their small table, with a cold coffee in front of him, looking lost. She sat down in front of him and slowly took a bite of the already cold waffle.

"I'm sorry kid," Hopper whispered, "I know you love him, and I'm sorry, I'm so so sor-"

"It's okay," She sighed, a single tear sliding down her cheek. She took his big hand in her small one and squeezed. He gave her a small smile and squeezed back.

"I'll make it up to," he said, looking her in the eye.

"Oh, and how so?" The girl laughed a little. Hopper couldn't help but laugh too. She loved him, she still loved him.

"I promise, that in ten years, no less though, I will let Wheeler marry you." El gasped, kind of shocked, and she'll admit it, a little embarrassed. "But, I don't want grandkids for at least 14." He said, actually laughing this time. She slapped him, but they were both laughing. The kind of laughter that hurt your stomach and made it hard to breathe. They curled up together on the couch, and that's where Joyce found them seven hours later, asleep. She yelled at them for being late for what was supposed to be a picnic, but they just flew

back into the fit of laughter they had had earlier.

Hopper really didn't care because, as long as his girl loved him, he was going to be okay.

AN: Short and sappy, but oh well.

Hopper + 11 + mad = slightly explosive.

So anyway, just obsessed with that scene.

I think I'm going to stay on ffnet for now, mostly because I don't want to leave y'all. Leave me a comment and a prompt, (if you want).

I love you all so much, and thanks for reading.

Much loveeeeeeeee,

Lex

P.S This AN is short because where I live it's late and I need sleep, sorry.

8. But Maybe It Was Always This Way

AN: I got a request from brodie-wan, (go check their stuff out, The Girl In The Mirror is INCREDIBLE), saying that they wanted to see some El and Will bonding after Jopper becomes a reality. So here's a little bit of that, but this is also about Jopper, and maybe about a ring too.

Summary: "I bet he'll do it today."

"I bet you he'll do it today," Eleven Hopper said from the top bunk, staring out the window. It was just the perfect day. The ground was lightly dusted in snow, but the sky was smiling, sending beams of warm light through windows and on to the ground.

"Do what?" Will asked looking up from his comic book.

"Propose," She said, with a small squeal. The small, fourteen year old was watching Hopper and Joyce as they sat on the porch swing.

"Really?" Will asked, excited. "Today?" He jumped up onto the top bunk, pushing El to the side, silently asking her to share the window.

"Yep, just look at them!" And Will had to admit, that they looked so in love it was sickening. They were holding hands and practically sitting on top of each other, and they looked so happy.

"Ya'know..." Will said, squeezing her hand, "if they get married..."

"We'd be real brother and sister!" El just about screamed. Will laughed at her eagerness, but couldn't deny his own excitement.

We're kinda already siblings, Will thought, giggling. He sent the thought to El, and then he could hear her response.

I guess, but then it'd be official, she giggled back. She squeezed his hand again, and then went back to staring at the two adults. She tensed up and smiled when they kissed, and then let out a disappointed sigh when the couple went inside.

"Maybe later?" Will asked her.

"Yes, later."

But the hours kept passing.

And passing.

And passing.

El was getting sick of all this waiting!

She wanted to have a Mama, a real mama, more than anything.

And having Joyce as a Mama?

She couldn't think of anything better than that. Except for maybe...

Will being her brother.

They had met later than everyone else, but now there were things El told Will that she didn't even tell *Mike*, and that was saying something. They told each other stories in the middle of the night, when the terrors of the past shook them from sleep. They told jokes that no one else would understand, or even *hear*, as it was all in their heads. They snuggled on the couch while watching movies and they colored together at the kitchen table, taking turns using the metallic blue crayon that they both loved so much. They spied on their parents and listened to Jonathan's mixtapes, (who would also be El's brother, this whole marriage thing was way too exciting). So yeah, what Will said was right. They were mostly already siblings.

But if Jane Eleanor Hopper loved one thing, it was making things official.

She had an official name. She was "official" with Mike. She was officially a US citizen.

But it was well past time for Joyce and Hopper to be officially MARRIED.

"DINNER!" Hopper's low voice speared her thinking and she rushed to get up from her position on the couch. Her socks slid across the wood floor as she made her way to the kitchen.

"What's cookin' Hop?" Joyce said as she too walked in the room, ruffling El's hair on her way to the table. On her way over she kissed Hopper lightly on the mouth, making him blush, the kids giggle and Jonathan groan.

"Well-ah- we have Italian Wedding Soup and bread," the man said, scratching the back of his head.

WEDDING! El and Will thought to each other, trying to hide their excitement. They barely contained themselves as they filled bowls with the soup. Everyone sat down around the table, spoons ready to taste test.

"Bon appetit," Jonathan said dramatically, signalling that it was now okay to start eating. The family slurped their soup and munched on their bread for a few minutes, sitting in a comfortable silence.

"Hop, this is great!" Joyce said, her smile full of pride. The man smiled shyly and then cleared his throat.

"Well, speaking of great," He mumbled, standing up a little, "Joyce, next to the kid, you are the greatest thing that ever happened to me." The table gasped and Hopper kicked his chair behind him. "And well-Joyce, I was wondering if you would make me the happiest man in the world..." He got down on one knee and pulled a small box from the pocket of his sweater. "And- will you marry me?"

Joyce's hand was over her mouth, and through tears she nodded her head slowly at first, and then her head was moving at a rapid pace. Hopper smiled up at her, eye's so filled with love El thought he would melt, and slid the small diamond onto her finger. Joyce threw herself at him, and he could her waist in his arms and her mouth with his lips. El was holding Will's hand so tight that he was worried it might break but they were both crying, tears shining through smiles.

This was real.

And Jane Eleanor Hopper was never going to let her family go.

But maybe it was always this way.

AN: So Joyce and Hop will get married and if you don't believe

so, you can leave. This needs to happen. But I also want El and Will to be inseparable, and totally completely siblings. If you were confused about El and Will speaking with their minds, a previous chapter goes into that and I believe it is called "When Will Became a Superhero".

I went mobile!

I got the ffnet app, so I will try to respond to comments more often and hopefully get to all of them.

Special thank you to everyone who continues to read and leave me comments! It makes my day to hear from you!

Leave me prompts, as I have officially started a list and I'm ready to take on anything!

Love you guys so much, and like they say in John Green's hometown, "Don't forget to be awesome!"

Much love,

Lex

9. update

hey! I hope y'all haven't forgotten about me yet!

Yes, it's been a while, but truth be told I had 0 inspiration to write the past few weeks.

However, now I am back!

As a peace offering I am going to be writing a longer fic than usual this time, and its going to be very Eleven and School centric.

So I am so sorry for the delay, but a post will be up later this week!

Much love,

Lex

P.S THEY STARTED FILMING OMG SOMEONE SEND HELP BC I MAY PASS OUT